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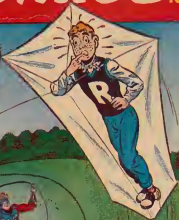
THE SHIELD

JAN.

COMICS

10¢

Archie
SURE IS
FLYING
HIGH
!!



MLJ
PUBLICATIONS

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE

IN
MURDER
ON
PARADE



WHAT WAS THE HORROR THAT TURNED A PLAYFUL APE INTO A MAN-KILLER THAT MADE HADLERS SOULS INTO SAVAGE SNARLING INSTRUMENTS OF A CODED THAT EVEN MADE DUSTY LUST FOR THE SHIELD'S BLOOD??

THE END

SWELL DAY FOR
A WALK, BUSTY?
LET'S GO DOWN
TO THE ZOO,
AND WATCH
"APO!"

GOOD IDEA!
THAT GELLAS
ALWAYS A
GOOD SHOW!

BOY BUSTY!
A CROWD
COLLECTED
IN FRONT OF
HIS CAGE
TODAY!

YEAH! BUSTY
A LOT OF OTHER
PEOPLE HAD
THE SAME
IDEA!

HAH, HA...
LOOK AT APO
PLAYING
WITH THE
GROUND! HE A BOST,
JOB!!



SUDDENLY THE
CLOSEST, LOBBLE APO
LOOKS HE SET ON THE
TRAPDOOR AND COMES
CRASHING DOWN...



GRUND!





HAVE YOU LOOKED AT HIM? HE'S CRYING!

WILDEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN HIM DO!

ISN'T HE JUST TOO CUTE?

SURELY A STRANGE OLD FUTE INTO A FOF CASE?

... AND FORGETS HE'S CRYING! AND TO THE GROUND'S GREAT AMUSEMENT PLACES THE ELUENE EEN...



THAT BIRD'S BEING AND WOULD BETTER GET IT OUTA THE CAGE!







NOW, LET'S
HAVE A LOOK
AT THAT POOR
KEEPER!

IT'S SAFE TO
GO IN NOW,
DOC!

THANKS
I'LL HAVE
A LOOK AT
YOUR UN-
FORTUNATE
FELLOW-KEEPER!



I'M DE RITCHES!
I WAS ONE OF THE SPECTATORS
WHEN THE TERRIBLE THING
HAPPENED.

I DON'T THINK
THERE'S
MUCH YOU
CAN DO FOR
THIS POOR
GUY DOC!



BEING NO
HEART BEAT!

YOU MEAN
HE'S...

YES HE'S
DEAD ALRIGHT
TOO BAD THAT
APO HAS
ALMOST TAKEN
HIM TO SHEDS!

IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE
THAT APO,
WHO'S ALWAYS
BEEN SO
AMABLE SHOULD
HAVE DONE
THIS!



AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES
THE CASE DUSTY'S KEEN
EYE SPOTS SOMETHING...



IT'S DOC RITCHES
INSTRUMENT CASE!
HE NAME AND
ADDRESS ARE
ON IT!

WELL!
WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
DO WITH
IT?



RETURN
IT TO HIM,
OF COURSE!
C RIGHT!





I'LL KILL YOU
SHIELD. I'LL
KILL YOU!

DUSTY! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?
SHED OUT OF IT, WILL
YOU?!



SCARY LADY,
BUT I'VE
GOT TO
DO THIS
FOR YOUR
SAKE!!

DUSTY LAD!
SPEAK TO ME!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?!



THANK
HEAVEN HE'S
COMING TO! THAT
LOOK JOINED HIM
BACK TO HIS
SENSES?

IM GUST NOW
SHIELD BUT I
WENT CRAZY RIGHT
AFTER THAT
BIRD BIT ME!

SURPRISE
SABER-TOOTH
AND GO!
WILD TOO AFTER
A BIRD BIT HIM!
THE SAME KIND
THAT BITTED
DUSTY!



SWORN DUSTY
WERE GOING
BACK TO THE
DOGS PLACE!

DOGS GOT
HOME EN!
WELL, WHOES
IS ME??

THAT'S HIS
S HOME
OF YOUR
BUSINESS!
GOOD NIGHT!

PLEASE A BAD
NIGHT FOR YOU
IF YOU DON'T
START TALKING
AND EARLY!



AT THE MORGAN MANSION...







Cattfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS

HEY!
YO BUSTED
HIS NOSE
CLEAN OFF!

YOU REMEMBER THAT AS A
PRIVY TO MISTER TURTLE,
THE CARETAKER JOE
CHOPPED A TREE OFF
THE NOSE OF COLONEL
BUNGSHORT'S GREAT
MOUNTAIN CARVING —

THE ROOTS OF
THAT TREE HAD
CRACKED TH' ROCK,
AN' WHEN I STARTED
CHOPPIN'—BINGO—
DOWN SHE WENT!

AN' YOUNG ALVIN
BUNGSHORT'S
A-COMIN' OUT FROM
TH' CITY T'DAY
TO SEE IF I BEEN
DOIN' A GOOD JOB
O' CARETAKIN' ON
HIS BEAN-POPPY'S
STACHEO!

HE'S GONNA BE POWERFULL UPSET
WHEN HE SEES WHAT'S HAPPENED AN'
I RECKON I'LL BE PLUMB OUTTA A JOB!

H-M-M! MEBBE
WE KIN FIX
THAT NOSE!

HUH! IT'D TAKE A FASSEL O' STEAM ENGINES
T' YANK THAT CRUNK O' ROCK OUTTA TH' RIVER
AN HUST IT BACK UP
HERE!

BUT NESSE WE
COULD HUST UP
BUCKETS OF
CLAY AN
MAKE A
TEMPORARY
NOSE!



YOU MUST
BE TETCHED!
IT WOULDN'T
LAST NO
LONGER
THAN TH'
FIRST RAW
STORM!

IT WOULDN'T HAPTA! YOU
SAID YOUNG BURGSMORT
ONLY COMES OUT HERE EVERY
FIVE YEARS SO IF IT LOOKS
ALL RIGHT TODAY YEA JOES
GOOD FER
A LONG
TIME!



H-H-H!
IT SOUNDS
CRAZY
BUT WE
CAN'T BE
SHOT FER
TRYIN'!

THEN WE
BETTER
GIT STARTED
RIGHT
AWAY!



4 HOURS LATER-

WELL, OL
GRANPAPPY
HAD A BIGHTY
BIG NOSE BUT
WE JES ABOUT
GOT 'ER REDUND!



GOLLY, IT SEEMS LIKE I SHOVELED
UP ENOUGH MUD T' PLASTER TH'
WHOLE SIDE O' TH' MOUNTAIN!



LOOKS LIKE TH'
OL MAN GOT
SOME LUMPS IN
THIS BUCKET
O' CLAY!



TAITER
READ!

WHAT TH'P? OL' CROW!
HOW IN HECK DID YOU
GIT IN THERE?

I'LL PUT YA
HERE IN GRIN-
PAPPY'S EYE! IF
YOU TRIED TO
FLY NOW YOU'D
FALL LIKE A
ROCK!

STILL LATER-

I RECKON
SHE'S ALL
FINISHED NO PUFFER! I'M
A-COMIN' DOWN ON TH'
ROPE!

BY GOLLIE'S SON,
TER A SEENTUSS!
I BET TH' OL'
COLONEL HIMSELF
COULDN'T TELL
THAT NOSE
FROM TH' REAL
ONE!

SHUCKS!
TAINT
NOTHIN'!

I RECKON I'D
BETTER BE
HEADN' FER HOME!
WESSE YOU KIN TELL
ME TH' WAY TO
WUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?

I NEVER
HEARD O' WUDCAT
BUT I SPECT
MISSISSIPPI
MUS' BE T'
TH' SOUTH!

AT THIS MOMENT A CAR IS AP-
PROACHING BUNGERSHET MOUNTAIN!

HOW THRILLIN'
TO HAVE YOUR
OWN GRAND-
FATHER'S FACE
CARVED ON THE
SIDE O' A
MOUNTAIN!

WELL,
NATURALLY WE
BUNGERSHET'S SO
FEEL RATHER
PROUD!

GRANDFATHER
WAS QUITE A
HANDSOME OLD
GENT! FOLKS
SAY I RESEMBLE
HIM AROUND
THE NOSE!

GOODNESS!
I CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO SEE IT!





IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR! NOW WATCH RIGHT OVER THERE! AND DON'T FORGET TO NOTICE THE MAJESTIC BUNDSHORT NOSE!

KACHOO! THIS BETTER BE GOOD!



THERE IT IS! LOOK! AWW-WK!

HA! YOUR GRANDPA MUST BE PART ELEPHANT!



WHAT THEY SAW



JOE IS HEADIN' HOME -

WONDER HOW FAR IT IS TO MUDCAY? ME AN OL CROW WILL SURE BE GLAD Y' GIT HOME!



OH OH! I LEFT OL CROW PARKED BACK THAR IN GRANPA BUNDSHORT'S EYE!



HE CAINT FLY WITH HIS FEATHERS FULL O' MUD! I'LL HAFTA GO RIGHT BACK AN GIT HIM!



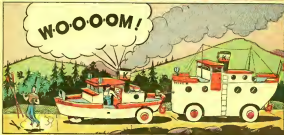
CAW-HAW! TATERHEAD! TATERHEAD!

OL' CROW HOW'D YOU EVER GIT HERE?



CAW-HAW! HAW-HAW!

OH, I SEE! TH' BARN BAKED TH' MUD OUTTA YORE FEATHERS! I'M SHORE GLAD I DON'T HAFTA CLIMB BACK UP THAR AFTER YA!



W.O.O.O.O.M!



GOLLY OL' CROW, I SHORE HOPE I WAKE UP AN FIND THIS IS A DREAM 'CAUSE IF IT HAIN'T I SPECT I'M PLUM OUTTA MY MIND!

IT'S NO DREAM, JOE. AN YOU HAIN'T LOSIN' YORE MIND! YOU'VE JEST COME FACE T' FACE WITH OL' CAPN KEEL AN HIS LAND-BOW TUG-BOAT! BUT JEST WAIT TILL YOU GO INTO ACTION IN NEX' MONTH'S "PEP"! YOU HAIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



HI GANG —

I'LL HAWK, THANK TO ALL PEZ SENDIN' IN SO MANY SWELL NAMES FOR MY TALKIN' CROW! I FINALLY DECIDED T' PICK "WAGGETTER" AS HIS NAME 'CAUSE IT SEEMS T' JUST FIT HIM! I AM SENDIN' PICTURES OF ME AN TH' CROW TO THY THREE OF YOU WHO SUGGESTED THAT NAME: BRIAN CARROLL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL; GEORGE WOLFE, HAMMOND, INDIANA; ALFRED DU BOIS, 1326 EAST 19TH ST. (I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF ALFRED'S CITY SO I'M HOLDIN' HIS PICTURE TILL I HEAR FROM HIM).

YOURS TROOLY,
Captain Joe
an' his fella

CAW HAW!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the BOY SOLDIERS

WE DEDICATE THIS
TALK TO AN LIVING
HERO OF THE
WAR
CORRESPONDENT
*Very, very
Sincerely
Capt. Commando
& the Boy Soldiers*

FINAL
DAILY
GRAD



IT'S A TALE OF A MAN WHOSE HE DOESN'T WEAR A UNIFORM OR
EVEN OBEY A GUN! HE WEARS HIS MODERN WEAPONS AND A
THOUGHT - HE WOULD BE BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY! HE WAS
HAPPY TO BE A PART OF THE WAR BUT HE'S MUCH MORE OF THE
WAR - AND CORRESPONDENT!

OUR STORY BEGINS WHERE MOST STORIES END--IN A GRAVEYARD! CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIER ARE DIGGING A SIMPLE "SHALLOW GRAVE--"



ALL RIGHT PLATONUM, HAND ME THE TYPE-WRITER!

CAP, IS-
IS IT OKAY
BUT I SAW
A FEW NOISE
OVER CAT
GRAB IT

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN!
GO AHEAD
PLATONUM!



...AND THE TYPEWRITER BEING RUINED!!



SO LONG, NERBY
HORTON! WE
KNOW YOU'D
WANT IT THE
WAY!

NERBY, WHEREVER YOU ARE, I--I WANT
YOU TO KNOW IM SORRY FOR THE NEED,
I BEEN! YOU'RE HUG A BETTER MAN CAN
I'LL GIVE BY! STONG, PL! I'LL KEEP
PUNCH-- AND YOU'RE!



WHAT IS THE STORY BEHIND THE
LARGE SCENE! A BULDOZER OVER A
TYPEWRITER! THE ANSWER IS ONE
TALK! A TALK WELL WORTH DEFEND
NOT! IT ALL BEGAN WITH A ROUTINE
COMMANDO FORAY--



HEY WANT A MINUTE!
YOU GUYS GOT
YOURSELF A GUEST!
YOU'RE TRULY
NERBY
HORTON!



OFF INTO THE NIGHT RIDES
THE PLANE, BEARING THE CARGO
OF SUDDENLY TRAINED NAZIS--
DEATH-DEALER!!!





MY FATHER APPOINTED ME TO COVER ONE OF YOUR SALES, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! HOW MANY ABUSES WE GONNA WIT OUT TONIGHT!

LOOK HERE, HORTON! HERE WE'RE TO DO A JOB - NOT GET PUBLICITY!



IF YOU ARE ME, CAP, WHY BUY A JOB IS JUST ANOTHER WAY TO DO WHAT WE WANT!

NO BODY ASKED YOU WHY!



YOU'VE GOT AN ORIGINAL NEED TO ACCOMPLISH US, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GLANDULOUS IDEAS ABOUT HEADLINES! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN DISCREETLY!



WHY WE SHOULD OFF ENJOY SEE TWO CENTS TO FIN THE BARE BACK!

STAYED YOU DEFUSE FROM A SCHOOL SCHOOL! THE BEST HERE ON THE TEST IS THEY GOT YOU DO A WIRECOT INSTEAD OF A BULLDOG!



HEAR! OUT OUT THE FIGHTING YOU TWO!

WHY, PLE!



YOU COULD TO KNOW BETTER PLAYBOY! LAY OFF HORTON! WE'VE GOT WE'VE GOT OURS!

WE CAN CAP!



PLEASE YOUR NEW CAPTAIN COMMANDO! WE'RE OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!

ONE MORE
DOWN
DAP! AND
AND... NOT
DOWN

WOW!
WHAT
HE'S
DOING!

BOY! AFTER
YEAR'S
EXPERIENCE
OF A HIGH
CHUTE, I'VE
LEARNED ONE
THING: YOU
GOTTA GET
A GOOD FEE
FOR THAT!











HEAULOUSLY, NEWBY JUNE UNLATCHED THE
A HALL OF DEATH-----



---AND AS THE COMMANDER RATCH EMBELLISHED,
WAITING FOR THE GRENADES TO EXPLODE, NEWBY
DROPS INTO THE HARBOR, AND-----



BACK IN ENGLAND
THE NEXT DAY--

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE
FULFILLED YOUR MISSION
NOBLY, CAPT. COMMANDO



IT IS MY PLEASURE TO RE-
STON ON YOU THE HIGH-
EST DECORATION OF THE
LAND!

THANK
YOU SIR!

THE THEN IS
THE STORY
BEHIND THE
BURYING OF
THE TYPE-
WRITER! NOW
LET US RE-
TURN TO THE
GRAVEYARD
WITH CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
AND THE BOY
SOLDIER!

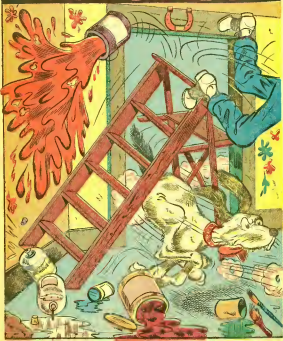


I'M GOING TO GIVE THE THING TO
YOU NEWBY, THE GUY IT REALLY
BELONGS TO!



**WE JOIN WITH YOU
CAPTAIN COMMANDO
IN EXTENDING A
TRIBUTE TO
NEWBY NORTON
WHO HAD ANOTHER
NAME HE WAS
MUCH PRIDER OF
WAR
CORRESPON-
DENT!**

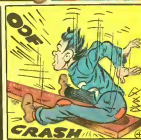
Archie



THE PAINTER













Li'l
chief

Bugaboo

SHHHH!
FOO! HERE'S
A SWELL SHOT
AT A TURKEY!
UMMMM!



Steve Meyers

WATCH THIS
SHOT, FIDO!



YEEOW



DID YOU DO THAT??



WELL... IF YOU
SEE... GULP?
YES... YES...



OKAY NOW WE
PLAYIN TATOO
ON THICK
SKIN!!



OH!
OH!



HEH HEH, ACCIDENT
WILL HAPPEN, WE THOUGHT
YOU WOULD MEAN TO
SHOOT US! HEH!
HEH - HEH!
GULP KID!











GENIES DON'T KILL

by Maurice Howard

"SHE sat up all night with her husband's corpse," Sergeant Duffy explained. "An' this morning they found her dead."

"I'll take a look," Cone said.

The body of old Mrs. Livingston sat slumped in a chair beside the coffin—a thin little wisp of woman, almost lost in a billowing black tulle dress. Her head dangled sideways. Her eyes were closed, as though during this night-long, loving vigil beside her dead husband, she had fallen quietly into eternal sleep.

"So what killed her?" Sergeant Duffy said. "That's what we want to know. Mr. Cone Doc Carter says her health was okay. People don't just die of a broken heart, you know."

"What her husband died of," Cone said, "might have something to do with it."

"He died of lobar pneumonia," the Sergeant retorted. "He might have pulled through at that, but he got cramps the last day or two."

"Cramps," Cone said, "are especially interesting."

Voices in the hall sounded behind them. "That's the relatives," Sergeant Duffy explained. "Two grandsons—they're cousins. An' a grand niece. An' there's the housekeeper. She discovered the old woman's body about seven this morning. You want to question 'em?"

"I'll talk to them," Cone said.

But instead, he moved into the shrouded room, tall and silent, gazing down at the dead face in the coffin, and at the face of the dead woman in the chair where now a thin shaft of light from an edge of a window blind was striking to show that her bloodless lips were parted as though with a faint smile of contentment that she had gone to join her husband.

Strange detective who had no theories, few questions to ask, and who just seemed to stand staring, with the sides of his thin patrician nose dilating like the nostrils of an impatient, quivering race horse.

"The relatives," Sergeant Duffy prompted, "might be worth your attention, Mr. Cone. There's a sweet inheritance, what I hear. All share alike. An' the old housekeeper—the

poor ten grand or so for a legacy."

"I'll talk to them now," Cone said. "I wonder if they're interested in Hindu magic."

The relatives were all tense, exceedingly nervous, excited. Shocked by the tragedy, of course. Surely no one, appraising them now, could have selected one of them to be guilty of a double murder. The two grandsons seemed both under thorns. John Livingston—slim, handsome, with wavy tawny black hair and a face aristocratic, as his dead grand father's—a face grim and strained now, with thin pale lips that tried to smile as he shook Cone's hand. And there was his cousin, Peter Rance—short and round and plump, with sparse pale hair plastered dankly on his bearded forehead.

The girl—Ann Livingston—was a little frightened brown dove, clinging to the hand of the middle-aged housekeeper who sat beside her. All of them were frightened, as the members of any household would be with mysterious tragedy suddenly striking, and with a bullying Police Sergeant obviously anxious to fasten murder upon them.

"Do we have to go all over it again?" the handsome John Livingston protested.

"Not with me," Cone said. "Sergeant Duffy is puzzled by the death of Mrs. Livingston."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Duffy demanded.

"You would," Cone agreed. "Hindu magic is very puzzling. No one can understand it."

The housekeeper—pale and dour—voluntarily shifted her chair with a rasp which was startling in the tense silence. She was gazing blankly at Cone. All of them blankly stared.

"What's that mean?" the fat little Peter Rance stammered. "Who said anything about Hindu magic?"

"I did," Cone said. "I've been up the Ganges. India is very interesting. Do you suppose old Mr. Livingston was interested in Oriental occultism by any chance?"

John Livingston said, "Yes, he was. Grand father lived in India, years ago. As a matter of fact, he met grandmother in Benares. They were married there."

"Then she believed in Hindu magic also?"
"An' it frightened her," the housekeeper said with a sudden breathless burst.

"I've heard," Cone said, "that a djinn is generally a benevolent sort of fellow. Nobody should be afraid of a djinn."

There was no one smiling. They all looked as though they were shuddering.

"Well I don't get any of this," Sergeant Duffy declared.

"We're thinking," Cone said, "that a djinn—a genie you know—may have appeared miraculously to Mrs. Livingston, last night at her vigil over her dead husband."

"And frightened her to death?" Duffy demanded. "Now say, listen——"

"I wish we could summon him tonight," Cone said. "Maybe he was there and saw what happened. who knows? I wish we could summon him and make him tell us. Let's try it, shall we?"

"You'll have an autopsy on both bodies?" Cone suggested, when presently he and the Sergeant were again alone.

"Sure. But the devil of it, Doc Carter had to go to Albany. He'll be back tomorrow and perform the autopsies then."

"Arsenic is apt to give you cramps," Cone said.

Duffy nodded. "Doc an' I both thought of that. But the old woman——"

"Didn't die of cramps. Quite true, Sergeant. Let's see what the djinn says tonight—if we can summon him."

"Mr. Cone, listen," Duffy pleaded. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"I never was more serious," Cone said.

The big hall clock was chiming midnight. There were two occupied coffins now in the little room—coffins with candle-light flickering eerily on them, flickering on the two dead faces and on the drawn faces of the living who sat silently beside them.

Only Cone was on his feet, his tall lean figure pointed by the candlelight which cast multiple shadows of him monstrously shifting on the walls as he moved. It was as though in the silent breathless little room, only he and his shadows were alive.

"I'll close the door," he said softly. "If we get that djinn out of his lair, no need to let him escape."

Cone was building a small charcoal fire in

the hearth now; and then from a desk in the room corner he came with brown-black sticks of incense.

"The Hindu legend as I've heard it," he was saying softly, "is that if you burn this over one who has died, the djinn imprisoned within it will come out. Did Mr. Livingston ever tell you that?"

No one answered. Then the handsome poetic-looking young John Livingston responded:

"Yes, something like that. Grandfather always and he wanted this incense burned in the brazier beside him when he had died."

"Because the djinn would come to soothe his troubled, departing spirit," Cone said.

"Mrs. Livingston promised to do it," the housekeeper said suddenly. "But it frightened her."

Redolent blue-black wisps of vapour were rising now from the big brazier as Cone ignited the incense, dropping a bundle of the little sticks on the charcoal fire.

"Come on djinn, let's have a look at you," Cone jibed. "Don't be afraid of us."

"This is crazy," young Livingston suddenly was muttering. "This is——"

His words were stricken away as a chair clattered. On his feet Peter Rance stood trembling, his round face suddenly ashen.

"I don't—like this," he gasped. And then he broke, "You fools—we've got to get out of here. We'll be dead, all of us! Get that door and window open—you idiots—don't you feel queer already?" He was staggering on his feet, wildly terrified, in a panic rushing for the door; but the bulky Sergeant Duffy shoved him back.

"You're ruining everything," Cone said.

"Am I? Am I? That—what you—you don't know—that's arsenic burning in that incense! The fumes of it—we'll be wafted off into death in another minute. Get us out of here, I tell you! Let me out—can't you feel your head reeling already?"

"That's terror and guilty imagination making you reel," Cone said. "That's your murderer, Sergeant. The fumes of burning arsenic are a nasty lethal dose in a small close room like this. He thinks I'm burning the incense he gave old Mrs. Livingston to burn last night."

Cone was faintly smiling now. "Fortunately, I'm not," he said.

The HANGMAN

and the

MEDUSA'S CURSE



AGAINST THE
CLASSIC LEGENDS OF
THE ANCIENTS
NONE IS MORE
FAMOUS
THAN THE STORY
OF THE DEAD
MEDUSA!
BY HER VAINTY SHE
BOUGHT UPON
HERSELF THE ANGER
OF THE GODS AND
PUNISHED HER BY
CHANGING HER HAIR
INTO SERPENTS
AND BECAME THAT
ONE GLANCE AT HER
BEAUTIFUL FACE
WOULD TURN THE
WISDOMS INTO STONE!
SLAIN BY A BOLD
WARRIOR, HER
BEVERED HEAD
OBTAINED ITS
TERRIBLE POWER
THROUGHOUT
THE HISTORY OF
CLASSIC TIMES!

THREE CRIMES
SEPARATED BY THREE
THOUSAND YEARS...
GONE FROM OUT OF THE EAST!
AN UNKNOWN PERSON TESTS
THE WISE AND WITS OF
HANGMAN
IS THE WORLD IS ONCE MORE
DEVISED OF THE ANCIENT
CURSE OF MEDUSA!!

OH LIGHTS... BALLOON LIGHTS ON THE TERRACE! THE SOUND OF BENDING BRACKS...



STEP ON IT, LEM... HE'S GETTING CLOSE!

SUDDENLY...

THE ESCORTION ISN'T BLINKING TONIGHT, KID?

TH-- THE HANGMAN!



SO I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A TEE WHEEL!



IF YOU RETURN THE STUFF, I'LL SEE YOU GET A BREAK!

YOU'RE GETTIN' DE BERRAN HANGMAN HERE?

I'LL NEVER TALK!



SUFFERED THROUGH MY HANDS AGAIN! BUT I'LL GET THAT LEMMY WHERE I'LL TAKE THE REST OF MY LIFE!

A PERFECT SCORE, CERN! WE KNOCKED OFF A JEWELRY STORE, AND ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN THE SAME NIGHT!!

WHAT NOW, LEMMY?



NOW, I'M GONNA VISIT MY OLD MAN! NEW LONDON FOR HIS WANDERING BOY!!

HOW TOUCHIN' WANT HE ALONG TO CASE THE JOINT FOR YOU, KID?







PACKAGE FOR PROF. WHARFED!
I'LL SIGN FOR IT! AN
OOOHHHSSSS! IT
CAME ALL THE WAY
FROM CRETE!

PROFESSOR WHARFED
HAS SENT
YOU A
PACKAGE
BUT FROM
CRETE SIR!

UNHEARTED? IT
CAN'T BE... HE'S
JEALOUS OF MY
WORK! HE HATES
ME... WHEN OPEN
(A)

HERCULES DID AS I ORDERED -
HE'S LAST ORDER!!
IT'S A STATUE SIR...
AAAGHH...

IN THE MIRROR I SAW WHAT HAPPENED!
I WATCHED PETRIFIED FOR I HAD
RECOGNIZED...

...THE HEAD OF
MELUSA!

YES! THE MOST DREADED SPECTER OF ANCIENT
TIMES! FOR HIS INSULTS TO THE GODS MELUSA'S
HAR HAD TURNED INTO WITHERING CREATURES AND
ANYTHING SHE LOOKED UPON HAD TURNED TO STONE!



NOW WHARFED HAD UNHEARTED
THE CURSED HEAD AND SENT IT TO
BE CAUTIOUSLY I APPROACHED
WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT! I WELD
MY JACKET BEFORE MY EYES AS
I APPROACHED IT WITH STARK
TERROR.....

IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE
HEAD SHOULD RETAIN SUCH
POWER AFTER SO MANY
CENTURES!

COVERING THE HEAD WITH
MY JACKET I REPLACED IT
IN THE BOX AND INSTANTLY
SUMMONED A DOCTOR!!

IT'S A CLEAR
CASE OF HEART
FAILURE
PROFESSOR!

HEART
FAILURE
AMMM...
YES!

SINCE THAT DAY THE FRENCH
BROODEN MAN TOOK BETWEEN
THE DESIRES OF OBSERVING
THIS HORRIBLE HEAD OF
TRYING TO STUDY IT AS A
SCIENTIST! NOW IT IS TOO
LATE FOR ME TO
DO EITHER!





SO! THE HANDMAN'S HOT ON MY TAIL, BUT WELL, I'LL SEE THAT HE CATCHES UP WITH ME... AND I KNOW WHERE HE'S GUESSING TO LOOK!



THE KILLER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS ESCAPE....

HANDMAN WON'T FORGET TO CHECK THE CAR FOR CLUES.....



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...

...NOT A TRACE OF THEM... THE KID'S CLEVER, BUT HE MUST HAVE LEFT SOME CLUE... SAY! WHO'S THAT?





HARMLESS... AS I
THOUGHT! YET HE
EXPECTED IT TO KILL
ME, AND IT DID
KILL HIM!



YES! THESE LITTLE BARS
DO IT! I'LL STAKE MY LIFE
THAT THEY'RE POISONED!
BUT BY WHOM? THE AIS
WOULD NEVER HAVE
THOUGHT OF IT!



THE THIRTY YEARS OLD BOX
TELLS ITS FATAL TALE...

PROFESSOR HEINSTEIN, HERE THE
FAMOUS ABOUROLOGIST, HATES
HE CAN TRASH SOME
LIGHT ON THIS!



WELL, SAY...

HANDMAN... THIS
IS QUITE AN
HONOR... WHAT
CAN I DO
FOR YOU?



A LITTLE
PROFESSIONAL
ADVICE
PROFESSOR
HEINSTEIN!

I JUST WANTED TO
FIND OUT, IF YOU
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT...



E-E-E-E-E
DON'T
TOUCH
ME!



YOU'LL
HANG
FOR
THE
POOR
WELL-
STUDY!

I DON'T
REALIZE
WHAT I
WAS DOING!
I WAS MAD
WITH
JEALOUSY!
I WANTED TO
BE SO OF
MYSELF!



WELL! I'LL TELL! IT'S A STORY
STATUS I FOUND IN CREEPS! I
PUT A BARE POISON ON THE
SHARP BARS, WORKING TO KILL
PROFESSOR WHEEL, BY
RECREATING THE CURSE
OF MEDUSA!



SOMETHING WENT
WRONG... HE DIDN'T
DEVELOP IT WAS AL
MOST AS GOOD! HE
SETBACK AND SINCE
THEN I HAVE HAD
ALL THE HONORS!



WHEEL HAS WON
AFTER ALL! THE
CURSE I CREATED
HAS COME BACK
TO HAUNT ME!
BUT I'LL BE FREE
OF IT NOW!



HE BECAME THE
HANDMAN'S HOME
BUT HE FROD THE
PRICE OF HIS
OWN LIFE! AS
ALL EVIL DOERS
ESSENTIALLY
MUST!



THANK A MILLION FOR
THAT SHOWER OF LETTERS
TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK,
M.Y.C. GANG, TELLING EM
HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTEN-
ING TO ARCHIE ANDREW!
JENNED AND I ARE HAPPY
YOUR WE'VE MADE YOU
HAPPY TO KEEP LISTENING,
AND KEEP WRITING!

Archie
COMICS &



MLJ
LEADS THE WAY!

the BLACK HOOD WANTS YOU

**to
TUNE
IN
on
WOR MUTUAL
BROADCASTING
SYSTEM**

**Every
night
5:15 EWT**

**MLJ
MAGAZINE**

FREE



PROOF THAT



PROF. LOUIS RUBEN

Inventor of the
RYTHMAGRAPH
METHOD

I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE LESSON!

Made our promise our statement? Let me send you my new simplified method of learning to play the piano with the understanding that it does not cost you a single cent. Yes, not a penny, unless my amazing new discovery in everything I claim for it and that you actually play the piano both notes with both hands and with correct technique. Now make your dream of becoming a piano player come true now, without any previous experience, without any musical knowledge whatever, even if you don't need a single note. I will show you how to play beautiful melody, perfect songs, etc. You will actually need notes and you will play beautifully without using both hands. My method is so simple that you actually perform like a virtuoso of these playing in 30 minutes or less.

Play in Ten Minutes

Here, don't you see how simple and natural it is to learn to play the piano in ten minutes? You can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes.

You Certainly Told Me Truth

Yes, certainly, you told me the truth. I have learned to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes.

Seems Incredible

It seems incredible that in such a short time I can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes.

THE RYTHMAGRAPH MAKES YOU A PLAYER AT ONCE—AN EXPERT FAST!

The amazing part of Professor Ruben's rhythmagraph method of playing the piano is that it completely eliminates all confusion. This method is simple, so you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes, and you can learn to play the piano in ten minutes.

FREE, too

With Each Lesson—LATEST
POPULAR SONGS YOU PLAY WITH EASE—AND WELL

With Each Lesson—LATEST POPULAR SONGS YOU PLAY WITH EASE—AND WELL

Two weeks with this device, without even change, the greater songs (inside and outside) which you will enjoy and play like an expert. The only will you find this great invention and then, you can tell the experts that this device is so simple. Read on and learn how to receive everything depicted in this offer guarantee as a gift.

JUST MUSIC AND FUN—NO DRUDGERY, NO EXERCISES, NO FINGERING, NO EAR PLAYING; YOU PLAY FROM NOTES

Simply and easily
play any song
in the world
without fingering
and ear playing.

Through a series of graded lessons, you immediately start playing a simple and arrangement with help again. The principle applied throughout all following list of songs shows as you make progress, you arrange the music from simple to more difficult. The whole method is the same method of instruction in RHYTHMAGRAPH. We make our method so simple that every family here has every one and we can give lessons and that you can understand it. (Notes and how simple it is to play the piano, under the guidance of Professor Louis Ruben, former piano player, who won the title of the 1914-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379